WEST WORDS

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WESTWORDS

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

Epiphany is

Unity and Diversity

WESTWORDS' cover this season is bamboo. To the Chinese, bamboo means long life. But more than this, it is the test of an artist's skill – to create successfully the plant's own character by pictorial brush strokes.

To the Chinese, however, painting and poetry are very closely associated, the poet often being the painter, too. But this is obvious in the word-characters which are actually delicate pictures in themselves.

The poem "By the River," in the middle section, as well as three others by Liu Tsung-Yuan, Chen Tzu-Ang, and Wang Wei, anonymously translated, for which Mimi Woo wrote characters, reflect different moods, yet at the same time reflect the same theme. All of them are about being alone. And Val T. Howard's "Paradox" is about the aloneness of being.

The theme running through *WESTWORDS* is precisely man's aloneness; not loneliness, that is different, but rather man's discovery of being himself, alone, and an entity.

This is the time of Epiphany, the coming of the Magi and of Christ's first manifestation to the whole world of His Being. Christ shows the unity and the diversity, men as a whole and man alone.

The choosing of bamboo to tie *WESTWORDS'* theme together was on account of its meaning – long life – as well as its abundance as a plant on the Mount. An old Chinese philosopher has said that poetry is essential equipment for men. Through the blending of sketch and word, *WESTWORDS* tries to bring deeper meaning to Epiphany, the being alone, yet the discovery of wholly being.

K.K.

"He who can hold a pen need never beg" — *Chinese proverb* —

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Our Contributors

Isa Ashdown taught high school students under the War on Poverty Program last summer.

Winnie Arvin likes to wear loud clothes.

Linda Caggiano likes Van Gogh and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun."

Judy Chandler is a life guard on the Mount campus.

Kathleen Cunningham goes for e.e. cummings in a big way; "he's my favourite."

Diane de Anda, a graduate student in education, plays chess and tennis.

Betsy Dickerson, Student Body President, is a political science major.

Frances Norene Fisher is *View* editor, she greatly enjoys foreign films, especially the Italian.

Kathy Haverick listens to folk songs by Peter, Paul, and Mary during the winter; in the summer she goes to the beach.

Val T. Howard has a B.A. in anthropology from San Fernando Valley State and is in the Mount's graduate Cue Education Program.

Viola Hill – who are you?

Sister Mary Joleen takes delight in Shakespeare.

Kathryn Kenyon also likes the beach, especially when it is winter "and foggy. The ocean is alone and alive. That's when it is best to sail."

Thea Liston is a jazz enthusiast.

Michelle Lundborg submitted her poems to *Westwords* but only said she was a senior English major.

Hildegard Mooney is a part time student and a mother of four.

Maryann Russo teaches physical education at St. Jerome Grammar School.

Martha Sanchez' paper "Six Variations and a Day" won merit in the Atlantic Monthly contest last year. She likes to read novels in Spanish and English.

Sister Mary Tereslyn is a chemistry student.

Song

Winterwhite world,

shout silently:

he Is!

Silence

gutteral-man-sound-shorn.

bare-silent space:

all but a sun-streaked strip of my life

silent shadow

he seeks silence of me and

he Is.

Standing before him

all things

naked

stop speech.

compared to his being

nothing is.

Silence —

all but a sun-streaked strip of my life

till all things are mute

and only he

Is.

SISTER MARY TERESLYN, SND

No Ashes, No Dust

KATHY HAVERICK

The Thursday it happened was so grey and prosaic that I never suspected. There was nothing in the weather; no bird of prophecy came to warn me that at 4:17, all unknowing I would be sent into knowing, and believing in demons and magic and immortality. It was just Thursday – a day of soft drizzling wetness. One of those afternoons that even now reminds me of Uncle Jerome's funeral.

I had lived catercorner from Christy Fox for fourteen years. And since that first strange day with the piano sitting in the front walk and the cat being lost we had been best friends. I shared my books, my poetry and all my young rebellion with her. With me, she shared her secrets, her crusading Catholicism and her bearded adventurer-uncle.

The first time he came it was July. He was tall and grinning; he smelled like wood-fires, soft leather and cinnamon – very unlike my lawyer-father. He took us for cherry sodas and let us pull his short brown beard. He gave Christy a little carved-bone lion. And he told us about long red plains and flat blue skies; about cheetahs, rhinos and leaping impalas. And about the steel they had spun across galloping rivers. Christy and I attached ourselves to him like whiskers on a cat, until September. Then one Saturday, promising to return a year from Christmas, he swung us each in the air and climbed on a plane for Canada.

From the North he brought a shiney-paged book of birds, two gold lockets, a real muskrat and stories to tell us. Someplace between building the dam with great blocks of concrete and shooting ducks in the shivering dawn, he became *my* Uncle Jerome. After that I wrote him, just as Christy did. And when he came home he'd kiss my forehead too and we'd all laugh together.

When he came back from Malaya, Christy and I were older and arguing. Over coffee cups one long night the three of us sat in the kitchen debating life and death, sex, sin, man and God. I can remember the surprise and disappointment in finding we were not alike. A little piece of me wanted to shock them – they were so naively God-fearing. How could such a tall, bearded man believe in all those pale, pietistic saints sitting in the sky? A deeper part of me was all cold with the fear that they would no longer like me because I couldn't see their God. But at the end of all our discussions, Jerome laughed and took us out to see the sun rise.

Then early one year, as unexpectedly as that rainy Thursday, he flew in from Australia. It wasn't that he laughed less. Perhaps it was a certain sadness I felt in Christy's family, or a kind of finality about the way he touched things. Fear grew in me. I avoided the Foxs. There were roaring sounds in my head. I listened to loud music and fiercely read magazine advertisements. But Jerome sought me out. He made me smell the eucalyptus and feel the first cool wind. He *made* me laugh with

him and see that he was unafraid. And one brisk afternoon he talked with us as if we had talked every afternoon about it. He and Christy understood – about cancer, death, living. But I didn't believe him when he said "You can't stop living. Death's no threat. Even death can't stop life."

So when the pattering, wet Monday of his requiem came I raged painfully against it. I stood next to Christy listening to the Irish reverend lifting the ends of his words. ". . . he who believes in me, though he is dead, will live on, and whoever has life, and has faith in me, to all eternity cannot die.

The baffling irony of the words stretched the moment for me. It was suspended like the time it takes a just-shot duck to realize he's killed. For a long instant he hangs in the air, and then he crumples, and tumbles out of the sky. Suddenly I felt taller and straighter than anyone else in the church. I stood, letting my hungry senses draw everything in as Jerome, who was dead, had taught me. I was all aware of the moist little breeze on the tips of my ears, and of my boney knuckles against the hard wood pew. I smelled the wax, the musky incense. My eyes were full of the flickering candle-glow that mirrored itself in the gold vessels and the creamy marble floor. And all inside me was a swelling scalding anger against all the prayerful mourners.

There they were all taking comfort in the solidness of things – the gold vessals, the wooden statues, the candle-lit marble, the drone of their own voices. There they were all together soothing each man's fears by saying over and over that it wasn't really true – that if you believed in magic and all joined hands and said the right words over and over he wouldn't really be gone. No man so laughing, so tall and solid could quit being. But I wanted to shout that it's like that-as unreasonably irrevocably cruel as a hand out of the sky smashing you like an ant. And like an ant you disolve into nothingness. I wanted to pull Christy's sleeve to tell her: "He's dead. It's no use." But the screaming in me passed under the rain-rhythm and Christy gently tugged my sleeve and we sat down.

I put away the bird book and my locket, and pretended that there'd never been any Uncle Jerome, or that he was off in Canada. But the Thursday came, softly with rain, to teach me.

In the afternoon the car took a few minutes to warm up. I sat listening to the churning purr of the engine. I can remember wishing for a piece of gum to take away the stale coffee taste in my mouth. My neck ached a little. It would be nice to get home. Stew for dinner; maybe French toast to soak in the gravy. Now it seems strangely funny. The laughter sits trapped in my soft stomach.

As I turned down the hill, the drops slapped harder on the hood. I hummed "My Favorite Things" with the radio. I'd told Christy we would go to the show Friday night. I'd been hungry for popcorn – warm, salty-buttery, yellow and white. Mom wouldn't want us to go if the rain . . .

"Hey! Watch out."

"Oh God!"

I sometimes wonder now why someone like me would say "oh God" just then. Surprise, maybe.

There was a loud screaming of brakes and a sound like the beginning of a shotgun report. No more. There wasn't the crunching, glass-crumbling echoing you hear when an accident happens down the boulevard. Just the beginning of an explosion, like a just-shot duck must hear. Then

sleep – sleep deeper than darkness or dreaming.

Slowly I awakened into a squirming sticky warmth. But before I even started to remember a pulling, pushing, squeezing caught me up and shoved me out, wet and sticky, into a lighter, colder world of air and solidness and smells. Drunkenly I crawled against the walls of the warm world I'd been squeezed from. I was wiped over with something like a moist emery board, and then my stomach was chewed at and I went to sleep.

It was weeks before I noticed that I was a cat and probably months before I realized that I hadn't always been. When I think about it, it seems surprising that it didn't take any learning. I've never had to concentrate on doing things as cats do – I am a cat. But there is a delicious originality I notice in being feline, rather than human.

There is a sleek, graceful furriness about myself. And I relish the sweet freedom to lie on the sidewalk in the sun, and to see mice scampering in the dark night. There is a freshness, a gaiety in me that I wouldn't let myself have before – hope. My imprisoning fears of death and failure have dissolved into a joke that I smile secretly about. With prideful glee I pick my way around the ledge of the Stewart Building or saunter into the Kirkson's yard where their drooling bulldog is kept. There is a cocky certainty in knowing that you're immortal. If I were a man I might grow a brown beard and build things in Rhodesia and laugh often. But being whiskered and tailed, I pad down the sodden, uneven wooden wharf and sniff at the salty fresh fish. I rub against some tall man's legs, meowing, and he gives me a head or a tail, to delicately gobble. Then I lick my tiny, round paws, settle my fur and lie curled, purring in the sun. And in my dreams I see short-legged mice and salty fish. And I smile a mysterious cat smile at the joy of life eternal, remembering "Death and nature will stand amazed when creation rises again . . ."

Communication

eyes are for speaking unsayables

when words, unwanted,

dapple in roses and silence

she will, someday beyond days, reach

unreachables when hearts, wanted,

express what eyes can't feel.

MARYANN RUSSO

The Devil of Poetry

WINNIE ARVIN

Through stanzas and stanzas I had thought poetry
Was fun. Writing and rhyming and
Running grammar rules to the ground were
My delight. It was easy; words
were my friends. Were, five times out of six,
Until I encountered Madam Sestina.

What a strange looker — a half dozen stanzas and
one tricky little tercet. All the stanzas were
Made of a half dozen lines-not bad-but the words!
Every line ended in *one* of *six*
Special words! Crazy Sestina!
Was this conglomeration poetry?

But that wasn't all — the willful words
Had to enter in a special order! Those six!
Or they wouldn't enter at all! And Devil Sestina,
Their mother, insisted. I thought poetry
was freedom — I had loved it, and
now I wondered what my feelings were.

I fought the rigid rules that were
So strict and unchangeable. I hated the words
That had to appear in each of the six
Staring stanzas. Heartless Sestina!
That would force me to mangle my poetry
And squeeze it and choke it and —

I tried. I approached the six this and six
That as something to endure. One Sestina
Had to be born, even if it weren't poetry.
I cramed the verbal devils into their alloted places, and
My tries to make them make sense were
Many. I soon began suspecting WORDS.

But it was done. I looked, and
Everything was in place. The stanzas, the lines were
Correct; even the hated, ordered words
Were in the selected slots. Every six
Was accounted for, and Madam Sestina
Took form (though not so well, perhaps, as poetry.)

Sestina and her every six were
Hard lessons in endurance which taught
There is more than words in poetry.

Hero's Hero

BETSY DICKERSON

There was no doubt that the funeral had been well attended. Sheriff Lem had been a well liked man. It seemed like most of Pear Blossom Falls turned out to give the Sheriff a good send off. All the hostesses at the Eden Saloon turned out en masse (in deference to Hero Benedict, their chief and favorite girlfriend of the departed) mingling with Mayor Bloomfield and the whole Civic Set in apparent ease. Yes sir the funeral was a real leveler. Everybody from the town drunks to the mayor's mother-in-law showed up. In fact nobody had seen such a good turn out for anything since that lingerie drummer had come through town with a live model. It was because of Lem's popularity and the attendent crowds at his last public appearence that the after funeral get-together had to be held in the hotel. This fact probably accounted for all the speculation that went around at that affair. After all it was in that very same hotel that the late bereaved met his rather singular death at the hands of the Widow Dourface. Practically everybody agreed that the whole thing never would have happened at all if the sheriff had just known his right from his left.

The Sheriff's peculiar fault was known to the whole town, but he tried to keep it from strangers. However, even with the best intentions it had been known to leak out. Like the time a visiting hardcase decided to add the sheriff to the list of notches on his gun belt. He caught Lem just as he was about to enter the Eden Saloon on a visit to Hero. Luckily a rain barrel happened to be handy. At the first call of "Go for your gun" the Sheriff jumped behind it for protection while he checked for the spot of rouge that identified his right hand. He then stood up and quite calmly plugged his assailent between the brows. It was a very neat job, but also extremely lucky and when the town heard about it later they all agreed that Lem's days were numbered if he didn't learn to tell his right from his left and stop having to check that spot of rouge everytime he drew. Even though all of Pear Blossom Falls thought that the Sheriff's luck was bound to run out they never imagined that the end would come the way it did. They all thought it would come at the hands of some gunman or that the sheriff would sally forth one day without his rouge. No one, not even in the most drunken musings, thought that the Widow Dourface would be the agent of ultimate disaster.

A few people even blamed Hero Benedict, chief hostess of the Eden, saying that if Lem hadn't been attracted to her nothing would have happened. But most people who knew about Lem's fatal flaw realized the unsoundness of this argument and it wasn't popularly held. Only a few diehards who couldn't believe that anybody would be so dumb as not to know their left hand from their right held that view. Just the same though Hero had taken to wearing black and drinking more than was usual for her. Every night about ten (the hour when Sheriff Lem usually came by for their nightly drink) she'd sit there at their special table flecking the foam of her beer with her tears and fondling her room key – the

one that he had won.

Joe the bartender was the only one who really saw that epic battle and he was always fond of repeating the story. He'd tell anybody that would listen about how the sheriff stormed in one day yelling that Hero had to choose – either she belonged to him or them (the other drinkers at the Eden) and he wanted to know now. After a titanic kiss and a barrage of language that would make even the most dyed-in-the-wool saloon sitter blush, Hero finally agreed to give the Sheriff her only room key. Everyone in the place had known what that meant and from that day on Lem had shown up at the saloon at ten each night for a nightcap with Hero prepatory to going on his final rounds of the night. Of course everybody in Pear Blossom Falls knew what the burning lantern that appeared later every night in Hero's window meant. In fact they took to calling her room Lem's Lighthouse, but only among themselves. Publicly they were discreet enough to let Hero and Lem think that their nightly meeting in the Eden was all the town ever observed and that everything else was strictly under the table.

And so it went in the same pleasant pattern, until the night when the Sheriff's luck really did run out. It started out the same as any other night. Lem came in as usual at ten. He found Hero in a lousy mood from fighting off the over boozed boys of the Ponder Ranch who were in town for their once a year binge after the big cattle sale. Hero was so tired that she cut short Lem's visit and retired to her room early, forgetting even to light the lantern.

Meanwhile Lem crossed Hell street (so named 'cause it was hell to cross in the rainy season) to his office to tack up some new wanted posters that had just come in. About half an hour later he recrossed Hell and headed for Hero's room in the hotel next to the Eden. As he walked he glanced up searching for the familiar light, but it wasn't there. As Lem sauntered up the front stairs, through the Lobby and up to the rooms he wasn't particularly worried. The idea of the lantern in the window had been to make sure that he turned left at the stairwell to Hero's room instead of right to somebody else's room, but after all these months he surely could tell the way by himself. He was just thinking that he would tell Hero to forget the lantern after this when the first blast came.

Everyone knew that the Widow Dourface's room was on the right side of the staircase and that she had a reputation for being man scared, even going so far as to sleep with a pistol under her pillow, but no one ever thought the sheriff would be so dumb.

Sestina: ON DEATH OF GODFATHER'S GODCHILD WHO ONLY RECEIVED ONE SACRAMENT

(A wonder thing a baby is, quiet
and wisdoming into a thunder cloud of tears
at blizzards silent behind spacing eyes
tomb-like to our "why's.") Wind child, water child
now as the cross in oil burns into your blue
day, you claim our earth in a vow given

from your godfather's land. Your silent head gives
us — sitting in soil — a twitch. We can't be quiet,
eyes wide again to days we forgot. Your blue
you learned elsewhere — not by us. It isn't tears
tumbling into grace for you. Godchild,
you traveled from Him to this. Old eyes, new eyes

meet and new eyes here decay to old eyes,
forgetting the dolphin days. If we could give
you bread today — our bread — you, being a child
yet, would spit it to the soil and want some quiet.
We, not you, need the warming bread. Our tears
are purple, while you came with the certain touch for blue

things. We lost the touch from wisdom and blues.
Yes, even as your godfather grew, his eyes
trained and twitched at soil-days. And any tears
he might have felt only watered his growing. Give,
Holy Spirit, Come White Ghost: it's lost. The quiet
went away, you see. Perhaps the screaming, child,

you did was a stop-yell. But you haven't learned, haven't chilled
to our ways. And besides, we can't hear the blue
sea with your ear. The priest moves still, quiet
before the eye of the living Lord. Your eyes,
counterwise, can clatter before that Eye. He gave
you, He touches you yet. Yours is the freedom tears

tremble for, splashing into foreign tears
over similar milk and joining for a child,
for a song-sight of peace. To such tear-vessels you have given
something dark to me. Your taste blew
to the tongue of your only Godfather: such taste flames eyes
for a you of him. And, oh, all his taste is quiet

now. Tears tumble to soil. In a dress of blue
did they bury you, child? Did the oil cross run to your eyes?
Oh, give us a flower, God child knowing the quiet.

THEA LISTON

The Journey From Home

LINDA CAGGIANO

James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* [1] is the story of a boy's journey away from the influences of home, church and country. Paralleling this spiritual progression from the security of childhood to the artist's world of the unknown are constant images of physical journey. Throughout the novel the hero, Stephen Dedalus, goes on a series of trips which become more complex as he grows older. His range of experience and perception broadens and deepens with the recurring pattern of travel. [2]

Although there are many instances of travel in Stephen's life, only three symbolize the breaking of home ties. The first instance comes when the dream-figure of Mercedes draws Stephen into a country garden. His wanderings take on more concrete shape when his family moves to Dublin. There Stephen roams the streets absorbing smells and sounds far different from those of his country home. The final example concerns a trip that Stephen makes with his father to the town of Cork. It is then he realizes the gulf that separates him from his father, his family and the world of his childhood.

At his country home at Blackrock Stephen spends his evenings pouring "over a ragged translation of *The Count of Monte Cristo*" (p. 62), creating an ever-opening world for himself which is unique from the home life of his family. His active imagination "built up on the parlour table an image of the wonderful island cave out of . . . strips of the silver and golden paper in which chocolate is wrapped. And when he had broken up this scenery . . . there would come to his mind the bright picture . . . of Mercedes" (p. 62).

Mercedes – she is the first "strange unrest" (p. 64) in his blood, the first awakening to the outside, "the real world" (p. 65) where he seeks "the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld" (p. 65). It is this "unsubstantial image" of a girl without face, without a definite color of hair or eyes who arouses in him an undefined longing – the faint itch that tells him he is not to be a milkman or a track-star.

The apparition leads him "outside Blackrock, on the road that led to the mountains" (p. 62). She beckons him away from his home, into the rosegarden of "a small whitewash house" (p. 63), where he sees the

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[1] James Joyce, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (New York: The Viking Press, 1964). All following quotations will be taken from edition.

[2] Dorothy Van Ghent, "On *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*," *Joyce's Portrait, Criticisms and Critiques*, ed. Thomas E. Connolly (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1962).

"kindly lights in the windows" (p. 64) of other homes from the outside – always alone. She fires his blood with the feeling that "he was different from others" (p. 65). Not for him is the "noise of children at play (p. 64). He seeks another sound – the call of art, the call to "recreate life out of life" (p. 172). He stands in the "moonlit garden" (p. 63), searching for the shadowy Mercedes and the call she brings. And so he waits, dissatisfied with his small world, for "this image [which] would . . . encounter him, thinking of the time when "they would be alone, surrounded by darkness and silence...and then in a moment he would be transfigured" (p. 65) into the existence of his dreams.

The dreamlike rosegarden is forgotten for a short while as Stephen's family moves to Dublin. The Dedalus' make their home there after Mr. Dedalus is involved in a political struggle which almost ruins him. But speaking of the battle, Mr. Dedalus confides that "there's a crack of the whip left in me yet, Stephen, old chap" (p. 66). With this Stephen is made to feel that "he was being enlisted for the fight, that some duty was being laid upon his shoulders" (pp. 65-66).

This added weight of responsibility makes Stephen forget the "kindly lights" of the country house. Now home is the "bare cheerless house" (p. 66) that his family occupies in Dublin. The irritating laughter of children along a country road becomes the burden of the bad "change of fortune which was reshaping the world about him into a vision of squalor and insincerity" (p. 67). The rosegarden dream of childhood fades with the luck of the family. Home is now proof to Stephen that the life of an ordinary adult brings duties which are a constant nag to the soul.

Stephen turns from this bleakness of his home and once again seeks "the comfort and revery of Blackrock" (p. 66) – this time in the streets of Dublin. The intangible Mercedes becomes the fascination of wooden docks and quays and an "ill-dressed bearded policeman" (p. 66). At Blackrock, Stephen was drawn by the dreamfigure, Mercedes. His wanderings in the city take on more pattern and purpose than they had in the rosegarden. Now at Dublin, it is Stephen himself, escaping the burdens of home-life, who makes a "skeleton map of the city" (p. 66) and explores "boldly one of its central lines" (p. 66) until he reaches the waterfront.

Here "the vastness and strangeness of the life suggested to him by the bales of merchandise stocked along the walls or swung aloft out of the holds of steamers wakened again in him . . . unrest" (p. 66). This unrest is still as vague and unrooted as it was in the garden but now he realizes that he must search for its message for he is seeking "someone that will elude him" (p. 66). That someone is his life as he feels it must be – a life of words, and truth, and aloneness – a life separated from the ties of family.

The final break comes when Stephen journeys to Cork with his father. As the train steams out of the station he recalls "his childish wonder of years before . . . But he felt no wonder now" (pp. 86-87). Gone are the hazy strolls down city and country roads. Now the trip to Cork has a definite reason. It is a journey of defeat and endings for Mr. Dedalus, who must sell his property to save himself from complete ruin, and for Stephen it is a journey of realization – the time when he knows for certain that his childhood is over and the life of the artist is about to begin.

And replacing the wonder of childhood is the sensitivity of the artist. This gift brings into focus "darkening lands," the little glimmering stations" (p. 87) and the rhythm of the train framed into written notes by the bar-like telegraph poles. But this same gift, this sensitivity, is

completely self-centered. He prays "neither to God nor saint" (p. 87) as he sits on the train concerned with only his own terrors not those of his father or family.

He has no sympathy for his father but looks "coldly on his strifes and happiness and regrets like a moon upon a younger earth" (pp. 95-96). As he was once irritated by the laughter of children now he is repulsed and humiliated by his father's defensive bragging and "the curvettings and oglings of the barmaids with whom his father flirted" (p. 93). There is no real communication between father and son. The talk of women and his father's advice to mix "with fine decent fellows" (p. 91) only grates on Stephens nerves, reminding him of his own mental sins of lust and the tempting figure of Mercedes made more real by the sexual unrest he experiences.

The scene is brought to an ironic climax with Mr. Dedalus' remembrances of his own father and Stephen's realization of the differences in the relationships of the three generations. The grandfather and Mr. Dedalus were like brothers but Stephen is "not his father's son" (p. 94), for he recognizes the lies of Mr. Dedalus' life without understanding them.

Stephen sits numbly watching his father and his old friends drink to their past. He has no interest or concern for the lives they lead or the good they might have done. He does not belong to their world – to the world of his father and his family. He knows "neither the pleasure of companionship with others nor the vigor of rude male health for filial piety" (p. 96). All that is left him is "a cold and cruel and loveless lust" (p. 96). His childhood is "dead or lost and with it his soul capable of simple joys" (p. 96). Like "the lines of Shelley's fragment" (p. 96), which ring in his ears, he is now "climbing heaven and gazing on the earth, wandering companionless . . . (p. 96).

In each of the journeys the unrest which draws Stephen away from his home into the shell-like life which centers on himself evolves into something more concrete. Mercedes, a fantasy figure, leads him into a twilight garden that fades in daylight. And the irritating laughter of children is easily forgotten by a young boy, secure in his family.

But the unrest of Mercedes comes back with family trouble, for bleakness and bitter fighting are things not so easily forgotten. And the pull of real cargoes, tall masts and exotic names is more lasting than a fantasy image.

More real and lasting yet are the fears, personal humiliations and pulls of lust that Stephen experiences in Cork. They cannot be denied for they are deep within his soul. The journey ends and Stephen is at last completely severed from his family when he sees his ruined father covering up his defeat with empty bragging. The image of a father living in the past is the final break. From now on Stephen is to live his life free of the ordinary, free of the limitations of his family.

In Silence

KATHRYN KENYON

Looking at a pond one day in silence,
The only sound the rhythm of yourself
Bent forward on your knees beneath the sun,
You toss a flat stone into the waters,
Thinking them bottomless. Ripples rustle,
Hugging the rock into the womb of dark.
The waters are alive with moving sun.
Still gazing down, something inside you shifts,
And there among water reeds, half hidden,
You are changed. The wrinkled circles grow out
Round and clear; light within itself grows on.
Green underwater grasses merge one ring
With others that reflect inverted skies.
Leaning over farther, you see someone
Reflected in their brightness, until like
Wheels turning sideways, they stretch and fade
To leave you watching, looking at yourself.

Bird Dead

THEA LISTON

bird dead, bird dead – bury it in a sack-coffin
to ashes, to ashes goes the bird dead in the
sack-coffin. As the earth beats
under the bird dead
its living breast.

August weighs down your lap here in Fresno, the airness of it drying your legs, cracking the leaves. Horse odors and chicken smells hang about the barns, and rabbit blood stains a table eternally once it's in, you know.

My girl child is over by the sycamore trees now, mothering a mud doll. Her black hair scatters over her head. My black-haired Rachel. A song – "Old Rachel, you'll keep kinda quiet." Her feet, walking over the roots, cloud the air by her ankles with dust. The green jumper picks up her eye-lights, even from this distance. The middle rail of the fence there by the trees clears those green eyes, eyes playing with the flies. Hands holding her skirts, Rachel baby, mindful of Indians, now plays on some far frontier.

Now Rachel – what is she? – a bird there by the fence – bird still, bird dead. Child bends naive by the fence. Hands dropping skirts fly bird-quick to face softening to horror. Rachel, I must be still here. That bird is yours.

Child wobbles a bit as her Granny wobbles out the back door, trips on Rachel's sprinkling can, crushes my child's white enameled can, holds the rail – eyes red even from this distance.

Rachel there looking across the chicken yard to me, to her mother, to my eyes vacated by the knowing that the bird is hers. Girl child, seeing these vacant eyes, turns slow, turns from the bird, from me. Eyes steal to her Granny. And back to the bird.

Now Rachel must speak to her grandmother on the back steps. My eyes vacate still. These hands fight flight on my lap. Rachel child, dragging her skirts to her grandmother swaying the steps, pulls her eyes up to the woman.

"Granny. Granny, there's a dead bird over there. I gotta bury the bird. Where's Mari, Granny? She gotta help me when the bird gets burried."

"Rachel, how you know the thing's dead? He movin'?"

"No, Granny. He doesn't move not even a little bit and there's blood by his neck. He's a baby eagle. What can I bury him in? Will Daddy build me a coffin?"

"Baby child, your Papa's gone to town, it's Friday. Why don't you come on in here by me to the kitchen? By the washer – on the side – and get a paper sack. Sack'll make you a fine coffin."

"Me an Mari can't do *that*. We gotta bury him right. He gotta have a good bury."

"Mari's gone to town with your papa. Ain't no help to you. Your mama's busy. I reacon I'm able as any of these people to help you bury that bird. I can make you a real cross. Let your Granny help you."

And Rachel replies hardly, "No!"

And, eyes touching the feet, to bury the bird she stomps sideglancing away from the steps where her grandmother sits to the front door.

Now Rachel runs from the front yard's shade – screen door slapping the frame – to the bird, dead and warm in this dryness. She finds the spade and, singing "Honored Chrishtun Soldiers," lifts the bird from earth to sack. To bury the bird correctly. Now the grave, now "The Lord's Prayer." The dry earth slips into the grave over the sack. And the flowers – daisies stuck into the earth, and a leaf-cross at the grave's head.

Her Granny staggers with the crushed sprinkling can to Rachel.

"Let your Granny sprinkle those flowers for my little baby, burying the dead bird."

Rachel reaches quickly to the can in her hand now.

"No! You can't water this grave."

And she waters the grave alone, waters it until the sun no longer warms and the heat moves only from the earth. Water from horse trough to horse trough with green slimed sides crusted with black and white bumples.

And now it is Saturday and my eyes still vacant to my Rachel and her bird.

Rachel in black jeans, eyes slipping to see if her Granny's eyes, glazed and sticky, catch her now. And yes. Her Granny's tongue wets the space around her lips. The Granny-eyes sticking Rachel into words.

"Granny, I'm gonna dig up my bird and see if he's still there."

"Rachel, you leave that thing to hisself."

"No, Granny, I gotta see if he's still there."

"Child, you ain't never listenin' to me, to the words I'm speakin' to you from my own wisdom of age . . ." And Rachel's grandmother stumbles in her speaking.

The sun glares now. Rachel child, arms spilling out daisies, runs to the grave, to the cross. Sitting in the doorway now, my innards jitter with this heat. The earth is damp around the grave.

My child's grandmother bangs into the kitchen: her smell drifting here; her feet heavy on my ears; her hips slamming the table into the wall.

New stench musting the earth. The spade slices the fresh soil. The bird is up in the sack from the shallow hole.

Rachel's eyes open, frozen perhaps by the odor. Rachel child, eye child, hands hating the paper sack.

Her grandmother squeezes past even my chair in the doorway to go into the yard of the grave now.

"Your Granny's made you a proper cross for that grave, Rachel," she hollers to my girl child.

"I got a good cross, Granny."

Rachel, looking up from the spoiling bird, rests eyes slightly on her grandmother, then to the side to the sycamore tree, then to the drying mud-cracks.

Rachel child, soft child, carefully resting the bird into the hole. Replace the soil. Replace the leaf cross. Replace the flowers spilled in

two square feet. And again the watering, endless. Careful not to make a mud river. Careful to have it seep deeply into the soil. Careful for the bird in the grave.

And now it is Sunday. Rachel going to the stench of the grave. Sun so heavy we all can only breathe the horse odors and the chicken smells and the rabbit blood and the eagle dead. Rachel quiet, not asking, with spade in hand and grapes from the front vines, not daisies now. Rachel digging up the bird, slow.

Rachel with the sack, very damp, very torn, very bottomless and the bird lying sudden bare in the hole.

I feel, even from this distance, the worms gutting Rachel's bird.

Her eyes touch her soiled hands for a long time.

And then to cover the bird eternally dead. Slow hands single to her task. Soil over grapes spilled into the hole. Leaf cross crumpled. Hands smearing grey Sunday dress with grey soil.

And Rachel's Grandmother, walking from the steps to the grave, "Rachel, let your Granny give her baby a good cross for that grave."

Rachel girl and the gin smell, sick smell meeting. Rachel girl reaching – eyes below her hand – slow for the cross, steady slow.

Rachel knowing the bird ruining her soil. Rachel closing with tears the space between the gin of her grandmother's breath and the stench of the grave. Watering now in the stickiness and arms of her grandmother the cross her grandmother brings. Rachel girl now steading the grandmother swaying in her spindle arms. A son – "Old Rachel, you'll keep kinda quiet now."

Against that woman now Rachel girl beats her living breast.

I

Daffodil, they say

you're no rival for the rose.

You just laugh, "Who knows?"

II

In the corner the

eight bent-legged spider webs a

fly's taut silver shroud.

DIANE DE ANDA

Desk Lamp

Hook-necked, wide-mouthed, bent
catapulting light across
a head dozed on the page.

DIANE DE ANDA

A Chorus for Christmas

You have come,
bringing the scent of snowflaked winter
to the once dumb
cattle steeped in hay of golden warmth.
You have come,
bringing the light of never seen islands
to shepherds of some
night-watch-weary herds of beasts.
You have come,
bringing the majesty of paupers' house
to crowns become
as children of dusty innyard play.
You have come,
bringing the ecstasy of ceaseless time
to the once dumb
eyes of lovers' empty yearning.

FRANCES NORENE FISHER

The Lodge amid the Bamboos

Alone I sit surrounded by deep bamboo groves;

I thrum my lute and hum my songs,

In the deep woods no one is aware of me

But the bright moon comes to look at me and I respond.

WANG WEI

By the River

Slender bamboo rustles by the

eddying river; fish flash gold scales

beneath the blue dragon's filigreed wing.

Paired lilies, waxen petaled, drift apart.

Beside the river timple bells echo.

Gold chrysanthamums, my cheongsam.

Gold, you going.

Shaded by the slender bambo

I wait, alone, blue plums now bitter

in my mouth.

FRANCES NORENE FISHER

Snow on the River

LUI TSUNG–YUAN

On a thousand hills all bird life is cut off,

On ten thousand paths there is no trace of human footsteps;

In a lonely boat the old man with the bamboo hat and cape

Sits by himself fishing the river in the winter snow.

Song on climbing Yu Chou Tower

Looking into the past I cannot see the men of the old

Looking into the future I cannot see those who are to come;

Reflecting on the immemorial and unending heaven and earth.

Alone with my grief I drop a tear.

LUI TSUNG–YUAN

COMPROMISE
Paradox or Dilemma

VAL T. HOWARD

Recurrent feelings of uneasiness & INAFFECTIVENESS

Attitude of individual toward:

what is COMPROMISE?

A certain·flexibility·open-mindedness -- is involved!?

WHAT IS "the goal" or end?

Musttherebeone? other than: LIFE.

Must I try & be something?

Can I just BE? & at the same time have confidence...

not getting HUNG UP on analysis
of MEANINGLESS THINGS.

When confronted with a CONCRETE situation,

my CONFIDENCE IS.

But, faced with nebulous situations:

{future, job, marriage, self...}

my CONFIDENCE falters.

ITHOU is not,

only I remain...

alone.

Quarantined

HILDEGARD MOONEY

The black cement shone like black patent leather. Gray drizzle soaked the air. We were early, my father and I. Too early for the train, too early to say good-bye to each other, and too early to talk. Whatever had to be said, had been said many times before. I shivered from the wet cold of the foggy rain and the gripping tension within me.

I thought of my mother's wailing when I had left the house an hour ago. The echo of that sound still hurt my ears. She had moaned like an animal which was losing her young. The whining and sobbing had cut through me with a blade's sharpness. Afraid that I might change my mind in the last minute, I had turned off my emotions as I would stop a clock from ticking. Telling myself that it was a well calculated scene, I had rushed out of the house to the waiting car.

Now I stood on the black platform, on a dismal, empty, gray morning, waiting for the train. I was not certain if I wanted the train to come, but it would. I was not sure if I wanted to wait for it, but I did. There was nothing that could hold me back, nobody who could change my decision to leave the country and to find a new home in America. Once my childhood dream could be realized and all my emotional obstacles had one by one been defeated, I would not turn back.

This freedom I had won was more oppressive than I had anticipated. Instead of being happy, a feeling of not belonging, of isolation and helpless uncertainty overwhelmed me. Was I doing the right thing? Was my decision wise? Was I disloyal to leave when times were bad? My best friend Margot had told me the day before that I was. Should I have waited? For how long? Perhaps I would never get another chance like this.

"Well, child," my father said, his steamy voice interrupting my struggling thoughts, (he had not called me "child" since I was a little girl), "the time has come." The humming of the glistening steel-rails announced the approaching train. "Remember," he said, "You can always come back, but," he shrugged his shoulders bowing to the inevitable, "I guess you won't." Was he asking or telling me, I wondered. A grin flared around his mouth that looked like an attempted smile, but was too quick to develop into one. At the same time he squeezed his eyelids tightly over his dark eyes so that the wrinkles around them reminded me of spider webs, and his squinting eyes penetrated mine with sharp inquisitiveness.

The steely ringing of the rails, muffled by the wet weight of the air, changed into a sobbing rumble. "Try to forget the past," my father said. "You have a lot to look forward to. I'm sure you'll make it." His usually soft, deep voice sounded high and scratched. What did those staccato words mean, "You...have...a lot...to...look forward to." What did I have to look forward to, I asked myself. None of us knew. This was not like my father. At this moment, he changed from a man who was used to making careful statements to a man who did not want to tell me

what he felt and thought. For the first time he tried to deceive me. He did not believe what he said. He had doubts. I became more confused. Suddenly I knew that he, like my mother, did not want me to leave. Although his words expressed confidence, his voice betrayed an uncertainty. How could he know that I would "make it." I did not know myself.

The sobbing rumble of the rails had turned into cutting knocks. My father removed his shabby gray hat. In a brisk manner he stretched out his sturdy, square hand and said with haste, "Don't worry about us. Thanks for everything you did." I understood. He seemed to say don't feel responsible for us; you are old enough to live your own life. And, no sentimentality, he seemed to plead.

The painful knocks in the rails became one with the black monster boring its way through the gray drizzle. The engine hissed and groaned, spat and fumed like a dragon ready to devour me. Heaving its black bulk, it suddenly jumped backwards with a horror-squeal and stopped. Before I realized it, my father hugged and kissed me. "Kopf hoch," he said. It sounded like an order. Was he giving it to me or to both of us? I smiled. He handed me my suitcase and disappeared into the gray mist.

The overheated compartment comforted me. A man put my case into the net above me. I sat down feeling numb, sad, and tired. While the train pushed its way through the heavy dawn, I could make out chimneys, the black symbols of the Ruhr. I saw a few remaining furnaces belching out fire and filthy, yellow sulfur fumes. The former life-giving heart of Germany reminded me now of an old man gasping for his life. Then came gray flatness, fences, uncombed, barren, muddy soil; dirty trees, stretching out their leave-less branches like beggars. And the wooden black posts, held upright by wires that seemed to tell the train which way to go.

I was free now. I kept looking out of the foggy window. The train was moving farther north toward Bremmerhaven. Gradually the gray drizzle changed into a light snow, and the landscape into a frozen white.

The two people in the compartment did not speak. The man wore an old gray uniform. There were pinholes in the front of his collar and shoulder straps where the insignia of his military rank had been. He was tall, lean and ageless looking. His hair was gray and being allowed to grow out, indicated a transition from military to civilian life. His soft, kneehigh boots were shiny and well worn. There was a soft, gray leather coat with fur-lining hanging beside him. His clean-shaven face looked gray; so were his eyes, when he opened them. I looked away quickly, but felt his stare on me. He put his elbows on his knees and rested his chin on the cups of his hands. I wondered if he had the same fear of being free as I had. Our freedom was so filled with uncertainty. I speculated that he was going home to his family, if he still had one. I wondered from what prisoner-of-war camp he had come.

My thoughts were interrupted by the movements of the young woman next to him. She was unwrapping a Hershey bar and lit a Lucky Strike. She wore a plain gold German wedding band on her right hand. Her face was painted, and her suit was of English tweed. A cheap furcoat hung in the corner. She munched on her chocolate with determination and exhaled the smoke of her cigarette with satisfaction.

"Want one?" With indefference she held out the Lucky Strikes to the man. He looked at the package, then at her, and shook his head. She gestured the package at me in a flippant manner. Before I could give her a negative answer, she put it back into her purse.

It was noon. The train steamed through the icy whiteness of the

northern woods.

Suddenly, I saw the image of my father. "Kopf hoch," he had said to me. And those were his last words. With pity and disgust I thought of my mother's loud crying. Why hadn't she tried to control herself? Didn't she realize how her wailing tortured me? I felt resentment toward her. Didn't she know how hard it was for me to leave? Why did she have to make it worse? I began to choke convulsively. I felt as though I was being strangled. I gasped for air and my chest felt like a balloon ready to burst. I tried to control the agonizing choking. At the same time I wanted to scream, jump out of the train and run home, but I could not. I thought of how ashamed I would be, how people would whisper behind my back, "She is the one who didn't make it." Or, some of them would even say with glee, right to my face. "You didn't have the courage, did you?" I felt the glances of the two people opposite me and became embarrassed. "Kopf hoch," I told myself and straightened my spine. "Try to forget the past," my father had said. From now on I had to look forward, and my thoughts began to play games with the future. I decided that I would make it, I had to. This idea restored my confidence, and I calmed down.

Nobody spoke a word. The man looked at my suitcase. My eyes followed his. There was the red-white-blue identification card dangling down into the gray, smoke-filled air of the compartment. It waved like a flag with the rhythm of the train, U-S-A, U-S-A, to and fro. The man's eyes looked at me with curiosity. Then he gazed at the floor.

We approached a city. The man rose, put on his coat and lifted down a shabby army-sack. He opened the door of the compartment, then turned around. The muscles of his face were tense from clinching his teeth. A pair of cold gray, angry, bitter eyes looked at me, then at the woman. Abruptly he turned, as though in disgust, and left.

A couple of hours later, I came to my destination. I checked my purse for my papers. The woman got up. "War-bride," she asked with a malignant voice. I shook my head, but she did not see it. "I hope you won't be disappointed," she continued. "You know," she said as though she was responsible for my welfare, "Here they are all millionaires, all out to have a good time. And why shouldn't they as long as they pay for it." I did not want to listen to her story, but she went on as though she had to explain and find an excuse for her life, "You see," she said, "My little boy was killed, and my husband was at Sewastopol. I waited for him for five years. That's a long time." She paused and her large eyes looked at me reproachfully. "And now," she said with sudden artificial cheerfullness, "I have an American boyfriend. He wants to marry me." She glanced at me from the side, "But I could never do that, never..." With brisk steps she left the train and disappeared in the crowd.

Slowly I walked toward a large black-lettered sign giving the direction to the consulate. When I arrived there, I had to wait in a long line. I thought of the woman. I wondered why she confided in me. How she misjudged me. She also disapproved of my leaving. I shook the thought out of my mind and told myself that it was none of her business. But I felt pity for her. A loudspeaker interrupted my thoughts. It informed the people how to get to the barracks. I looked around. Except for some noisy children, there was an oppressive silence. The adults looked much the same, gray, hungry and tense.

Suddenly I heard my name called on the loudspeaker. I was to come to office number fourteen. I began to tremble. Was anything wrong with my papers? Would my exit be barred? I thought of all the denunciations

of the past. A secretary opened the door into a large, comfortable office. The American behind the desk asked me to sit down. He began a congenial conversation, weaving into it questions like, "Why do you want to immigrate to America," and "Do you have relatives in the United States?" My suspicions grew stronger. What was he leading up to, I wondered. When he offered me a cup of coffee and a cigarette, I was convinced that something was wrong. Then he said, "Your papers are in order, and I hope that, one of these days, you will become an American citizen." I was startled. "However," he continued, "I am obliged to tell you" (why this sudden formality, I wondered) "that we received a telegram for you." He paused before he handed it to me. "I hope that this does not change your plans," he said. I opened it with shaking fingers. I read, "Very sick-stop-come back-stop-mother." A rebellious anger took hold of me. After all, I thought I had left the past behind me. This telegram threw me right back into it. I returned it to the Consul. "Has your mother been ill?" I heard the faraway voice of the man behind the desk. "No, no, this can't be," I tried to reassure myself. "She was in good health when I left this morning," I answered. "Are you the only child?" I nodded, and the Consul smiled. "What is your parents' telephone number," he asked.

He was very kind, and I felt that I might have a new friend, but I could not be sure. When the call came through, I heard the Consul talk to my father. Then he smiled and asked if I wanted to say anything to him. I shook my head. I shall talk to mother and father when I get back, I thought with anger, for I was certain that I had to return home.

"Well," the Consul said after he hung up the phone, "Your mother is quite well, according to your father. Of course, we had to be sure you were not liable to become ill before you got on the boat. But, after all, that's what the quarantine period is for."

My suitcase and my feet felt light when I walked toward the camp. As I stepped into the barbed wire enclosure, I entered the last part of my quarantine. To leave Germany, I had been quarantined by everyone, even the Americans.

The Loud Birds

This baconed morning, coffeed
Stands up straight, stretches its arms.
The sounds of babies, vague as
Coffee or greese bubbles, not so loud
As the birds.

And perhaps, one morning
after we have been together
and compressed these unconnected eight days
into a still, smiling scrapbook pageant,
after the awakenings, and some comings,
after perhaps traveling some of the distance,
I will spread some curtains
on some brassy morning filled with noisy birds
and pour a private coffee,
some that I pushed in the wire cart,
and hear some reverberation of myself
squeak on my sheets,
And blessed by a divine Power
not wish I were somehow somewhere else.

Until then
the coffee bubbles anonymous bubbles.
I feel my still tight, empty stomach,
And feel not so much loss, but wish
The birds would quiet down.

MICHELLE LUNDBORG

Gestalt

VIOLA HILL

I longed
And like a faerie's fire
Of untold rich desire
    in my brain
The daemon dreamed

I sighed
And like an autumn breeze
That stirs the forest frieze
    in my soul
Sweet comfort fled

I loved
Yet knew that winter's day
Around the white lake lay
    in my heart
The dream was spent

I sneezed.

Insect Song

Insect Song
Unhopelessly
    she strives
        into
    purple nights
despite mosquitoes feasting

MARYANN RUSSO

Olav's Viewpoint:

Eirik Symbol and Son

DIANE DE ANDA

One of the most poignant conflicts in Sigrid Undset's *Master of Hestviken*[1] is centered in the complex and ambivalent relationship between Olav, the Master of Hestviken, and his wife's illegitimate child, Eirik. The ambivalence stems from Olav's attitudes, both conscious and unconscious, towards Eirik. This paper will explore these attitudes and their effect on the relationship. It will illustrate that the dichotomy in Olav's feelings arises from his dual view of the boy: Looking upon Eirik as a symbol, Olav feels resentment, ill-temper, and revulsion, but considering Eirik as an individual, Olav feels a natural attraction to him. Olav views Eirik on the former occasions as a symbol of frustration, as the living cause of his separation from all he values: Ingunn, God, and Hestviken. Ingunn foreshadows this internal conflict when Olav insists that she marry him despite her unfaithfulness: "But you are not one who forgets easily Olav." (I, 325). Undset thus sets the stage for the envolving of the Olav-Eirik relationship with a hint at the workings of a troubled subconscious.

Olav first views Eirik as a symbol of the frustration of his marital happiness. He looks upon Eirik as a separating force even while Ingunn is still pregnant. Discovering her situation, he cries out: "No, no I dare not come near you" (I, 261), and even more clearly, "I cannot bear to see you again before you are rid of *it*" (I, 261). Here Olav definitely implies that the child alone is separating them, and that his removal from their lives is the only chance for their reunion. Eirik's individuality is masked by his role as a symbol of impediment.

Viewing Eirik as this frustration symbol creates a resentment which Olav attempts to suppress – sometimes successfully, sometimes not. Throughout their relationship, these feelings are betrayed in sharp reprimands, occasionally in harsh physical treatment, and finally in the establishment of a barrier of passivity and silence. In all these instances of resentment, jealousy is a strongly influencing factor. Olav is startled by the realization that someone other than he could share Ingunn's affection. He is shocked by the possibility that Ingunn may have had some attraction to Teit. "Liked him so there it was. Until this moment Olav had felt no jealousy" (I, 289).

Olav unconsciously projects this jealousy on Eirik, as Teit's son. The connecting of Eirik and Teit recurs and disturbs Olav: "he was brown-skinned and black-haired, had golden-yellow eyes. Could his

[1] Sigrid Undset, *The Master of Hestviken* (New York: Giant Cardinal, 1964). This will be the sole reference throughout the paper. The volumes will be numbered I, II, III, IV, respectively, followed by page numbers.

mother help thinking of whom he resembled?" (II, 199) This projection is substantiated by the fact that Olav feels no jealousy toward Cecilia, who as his daughter is a reflection of himself. Ingunn is quick to sense this feeling as soon as Olav brings Eirik to her. She finds it necessary to assure Olav of his superior position in the hierarchy of her affection: ". . . you know full well, Olav, I love you more than ten children" (II, 190). The resentment and jealousy Olav attempts to deny is quite obvious in his shunning of the boy immediately following Ingunn's reassurement: "'Nay go to your mother Eirik – Do as I tell you,' he repeated *rather sharply*" (II, 109).

Olav finally brings these feelings to the conscious level of self-admission: "The boy had come between man and wife, and he was the first who sundered their hearts in earnest" (II, 146). The use of the word "sundered" emphasized Eirik's role as a separator. Olav feels that his happiness has been stymied: "He felt himself wronged by Teit. But even when the slaying had been accomplished, this had not done much to alay the pain of mind" (II, 147). In other words, Olav's desire for revenge, and the resentment its frustration breeds, could not be satisfied by "the poor corpse in the saeter" (II, 147), so it was projected onto his son Eirik. This identification was implied in the preceding quotation, as Eirik is referred to as the *first* cause of the alienation of Olav and Ingunn.

As time progresses, the resentment becomes more consciously reinforced by his deep-set jealousy. He begins to believe Ingunn "often . . . had wished him out of the way so that she might freely shed her affection upon Eirik" (II, 147). Resultantly, Olav admits to himself that "it was when the mother was there that . . . [he] felt most provoked to an intolerable ill-will toward the boy" (II, 148).

The relationship in all its complexity is exposed in the emotionally charged scene in which Olav saves Eirik's life after he is bitten by a poisonous stoat. Olav is in a state of tumult, because he feels that "she loved the child as she had never loved him . . ." (II, 155). This provokes a dual reaction. First, he must save Eirik, for "if she were to lose Eirik it would be the end of all" (II, 155) and at the same time, his resentment and jealousy make him desire "to get home at last on this that had come between him and her to maim and burn it . . ." (II, 153). His burning himself in this scene is a sub-conscious self-punishment for his feelings towards the boy.

Finally, in the scene in which Eirik exclaims, "Mother, . . . you are Leman after all!" (II, 131), Olav brutally beats the boy. Here Olav loses consciousness of Eirik the small boy. He sees it, instead, as an attack on the situation for which Eirik is a direct symbol, the defiling of his marital vows and happiness.

The next phase of the conflict is caused by Olav's seeing Eirik as the force separating him from reconciliation with God and the peace of soul he so greatly desires. Olav from time to time reflects back on his deep-seated unhappiness and recognizes that it is because "He was living in sin" (II, 188). He realizes also, that it is God that he "longed to live at peace with" (II, 188), but could not as "he could not jeopardize the welfare of his wife and child" (II, 188). Eirik viewed as a symbol of Teit has then not only occasioned Olav's committing of sin (the slaying in revenge for Ingunn's seduction), but is seen as causing the sin to be a permanent burden on Olav: "This promise I have made to God Himself, that Eirik should be treated as my own son: (II, 162). In fact, when Olav

determines at one point to confess the murder to the bishop, Ingunn restrains him by pleading for Eirik's sake: "But it would come out Eirik is not your son" (II, 203). Olav is finally persuaded by Ingunn. That this confirms Eirik as a symbol of the frustration of his desire for reconciliation with God comes out quite explicitly when Olav reflects on his problem:

> . . . it was the boy above all else who stood in the
> way, made it difficult for him to break through
> all that kept him from winning peace and relief
> for the sickness of his soul. (II, 241)

Moreover, Olav feels that Eirik has not only blocked his relationship with God, but has, in fact, caused him to "sell his soul" (III, 159) for his sake.

The phase of the Olav-Eirik conflict that fills most of the novel deals with Eirik's possible inheritance of Hestviken. Because of this, Olav looks upon Eirik as a symbol of the frustration of both the happiness of his descendants (a continuation of the ruination of his personal happiness) and his desire for immortality as expressed in lineage. This, moreover, plays on his childhood insecurity, which Hestviken alleviated:

> I have lived among strangers from my seventh
> year. Tis not too soon to have a house and
> home of my own. (I, 271)

Olav recognizes from the start that this dream has also been defiled: "But . . . 'tis more than I had reckoned for that she should bring into the household a brat ready-made . . ." (I, 271). He feels it is, moreover, an insult to his virility: "I had always thought I could get my own children myself . . ." (I, 261). Ingunn symbolically echoes this feeling as she insists that it was Eirik, in her longing for him, who "sucked the life out . . . [their] children while they were yet unborn" (II, 94).

This conflict comes into the open with the birth of a son, Auden, to Olav. Feigning solicitude for Eirik's right of inheritance, he questions a priest, hoping desperately to disprove Eirik's claim so that Hestviken will be passed down among his own children:

> He had heard that a child begotten while the father
> is under ban of outlawry is outside the law and has
> no rights, even if the mother be the outlaw's duly
> married wife. (II, 125)

Finding his attempt fruitless, his resentment is further reinforced, and he finds himself more and more inclined to striking the boy: He strikes Eirik when he finds him in childish lies (II, 129) and is so impatient with his soft singing that "he felt inclined to beat the boy" (II, 137). The resentment worsens when Olav compares his puny, unhealthy Auden with the robust Eirik:

> Never had this son [Auden] made him feel anything
> like paternal joy; but that he was father to this
> poor, sick fretting child gave him a feeling of
> bitter pain when Eirik was bending over the cradle:
> the other was so fair and full of life . . . . (II, 138)

When Cecilia is born, and Olav can take pride in his beautiful little daughter, he wishes to insure her inheritance of Hestviken, even if it means Eirik's destruction: "I had no right to do it – give away my daughter's inheritance as amends to the child of a stranger" (II, 203). Only Ingunn's pleading is able to restrain him. Eirik, in fact, seems to unconsciously sense this attitude, as he constantly fears that " . . . one day he would find out he is not the rightful heir to Hestviken" (II, 11).

Olav ". . . shuddered to his very soul . . . [since he saw that] his

race [was] to die out with him" (II, 240). Yet he devises one means for achieveing a degree of his desired immortality, "Kinfetch . . was to descend in Cecilia's branch of the family" (III, 64). When Eirik runs away, Olav experiences some sense of satisfaction, a feeling that justice has finally won out: "perhaps Eirik would never come home . . . so that his heritage . . . [would not be] falsified" (III, 159).

Ironically, Eirik's entrance into the monastery, which he feels will be a "heavy blow" (IV, 68) to his father serves as a (temporary) resolution of all three phases of conflict. His entering strips from him the role of separating force, and enables Olav to love Eirik, since he can now relate to him as a person rather than a symbol. Olav first recognizes that this will destroy Eirik's forming a barrier between he and Ingunn, as he will make amends for the sin which he symbolized:

> Now he would be a servant of God – and he might
> bring the convent a rich dower; if he wished
> to bestow on it the whole of his mother's in-
> heritance, Olav would not oppose it. Then
> *that* sin would be undone.

In fact, Eirik might now be a positive help for both he and Ingunn: "And now he might be an aid to his mother . . . Perhaps to him too–" (IV, 71). Eirik is transformed from a sterile symbol of frustration to an individual with a redemptive function.

This action on Eirik's part also moves Olav to determine to resolve his conflict with God:

> So now he must follow the course that his heart
> had prompted him all these years – fall at the feet
> of Christ crucified and confess that he had
> lived . . . secretly at war with God. (IV, 102)

He now admires Eirik who "had given himself to God without fear and without self-seeking" (IV, 102) as he recognizes that he, not Eirik, was the major cause of his separation from God.

Eirik's monastic vow ". . . freed [Olav] from the rankling thought of the bastard heir who he had falsely brought into his kindred" (IV, 70-71). Olav feels that justice has a last won out, as his descendants will not be punished for his and Ingunn's sins.

Olav can now strip off the symbol and love Eirik as and for himself. He can admit to the fondness for Eirik as a person that was constantly overwhelmed by Eirik the symbol: "And Olav was more inclined than not to like the boy – he was a pretty boy and he wooed his father's affection so openly" (II, 117). He is able to admit this conflict to himself: "Year in and year out Olav's feelings for the child had swung between a vague longing to be able to like this young being who had been placed in his power and dislike of this stranger who was a thorn buried in the flesh" (III, 86). However, during the ceremony for receiving vows, Olav eliminates all references to Eirik as a "stranger" or cause of pain ("thorn"). He at last sees Eirik as a person and, more importantly, accepts him as his son: "At last his affection for this son burst all bonds. It was his own son . . . " (IV, 88).

Childhood

Night brings back the time
Of youth when "me" was really mine
And I could have dime
Memories — Being less than nine
Years old and selling lime-
Ade on the lawn. A line
Of playmates tried to climb
Into my "secret place," where fine
Stores of penny-candy (purchased with my lime-
Ade dime) Would smile back and shine
In colored cellophane.

KATHLEEN CUNNINGHAM

Six Variations

And A Day

Atlantic Merit Paper

MARTHA SANCHEZ

Crepuscular light let up and the outgrowth was day. I sat on the front door steps and waited. Children tore up and down the street in in clusters, now and then chasing balls that rolled downhill or riding bicycles; some chewing gum as fast as they pedaled. They shouted to one another in strong shrill voices, their skin and hair sucking in the warm morning sun. California Music Company was to deliver the piano my mother had paid for with my brother's clarinet. Ralph couldn't get anywhere past "Long Long Ago," but this was because the paralysis on one side of his body made it difficult for him to curve his mouth evenly over the reed.

The brown truck with the big red letters pulled up unsteadily into the driveway, and two men rolled the covered piano down the steel carrier and into the living room.

"Who's gonna learn to play this," one of them asked looking suspiciously at me and my two brothers.

I wanted to say, "I already know how to play piano," for I believed that by simply practicing diligently on the dining room table, stretching my fingers and crossing my hands, I would create musical sound.

But what came out of the Upright Carlton piano when I sat down and and laid my fingers over the keys was nothing close to music. My aunt saw to it that it wouldn't always be this way.

Mrs. Blackwell soon started coming every week to give me lessons. Luckily for Ralph and Arthur the house had sliding doors between the dining and living rooms. Every Monday night from September to June they ran to close the doors so they could watch television in peace and quiet.

Mrs. Blackwell came in, arms folded, smiling, sometimes laughing. Tall and slender she wore her greyish hair flipped over and tucked under. She sat down opening her black, leather, shoulder-strap purse, pulling out her white rimmed glasses. Taking them out of the case she held them at a distance, looked hard into them and swung them back accurately over her nose.

"OK, now, child, let's hear those scales." I played D major in four octaves four fimes while Mrs. Blackwell wrote A major down on the assignment tablet for next time.

Soon I began playing whole pieces like "My First Waltz" and "Harbinger of Spring" which Mrs. Blackwell said sounded more like an elephant coming in instead of a bird.

Mrs. Blackwell held her recitals in a West Los Angeles church auditorium. Students sat to the side of the auditorium, parents in the center. They forgot me that first recital, forgot to put my name on the program. Streaks of joy went down my back because I thought I wouldn't have to play. But Mrs. Blackwell stood up and explained. I played.

Second recital went a little better. A little Negro girl with starched pig tails braided with white ribbon, hooped up pink dress, and black patten leather shoes was first. She walked up, curtsied and began "Whirling and Twirling." She started out fine, then stumbled through the middle hitting odd sounding chords. But the wrong chords somehow led back into the right path, and she finished in perfect harmony.

Twin sisters were scheduled right before I was. They played a duet. They too started out fine and ended together, but in the middle they each played a solo.

I was next. I went up, curtsied, and began "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." After a long chromatic scale and two big chords, I looked into the faces of the audience below. They applauded hard. The happy faces of my family stood out in my eyes, and I saw my brothers look everywhere except at me. I was glad they liked it.

"You sure done made those soldiers march," a fat Negro lady with a feathered box hat said to me after the recital, amid gales and gales of laughter. "Everyone who heard it, child, said it was sure enough good playing. Keep it up ya hear."

This recital was the turning point in my playing. I began to play more substantial pieces, although I was still coaxed to practice for an hour everyday. Soon I was playing Paderewski's *Minuet* to the beat of the metronome my aunt bought me when my mother noticed my aversion to counting. Mrs. Blackwell set the metronome to three-four time, *allegretto*. Constant clicking sounds were unendurable when the minuet came out in fragmented sections, and Mrs. Blackwell anxiously grasped the swinging pendulum and fitted it back in its pocket.

Morning faded and noon crept in. The avocado tree spread shadows in front, darkening the greenness of the grass. It was letting so many avocados, and I heard them pounding on the roof top. My aunt was with us. I was told she was very sick. The house was quiet most of the day. Sounds of skateboards grew dimmer, and I knew the riders were taking the slant of the hill.

Days passed slowly and the waiting was hard. The end was near for Father Cervera brought oils, and the bedroom door was closed most of the time.

Noon was cold and dusky. It was a noon that did not warm. I came home for lunch when my mother met me at the hilltop and told me my aunt was dead. Ralph's and Arthur's faces were silent, inquiring. It struck me then – it was the first time death came to the house at the top of the hill – that she knew something we did not.

Nights were the hardest. It was then that I wanted the piano. But it was traditional in my family that the visitor I wasn't to play for was death.

Months passed. The day was still full but slowly beginning to wane. One frequent visitor was Dionysis who came to bring my grandmother sacks of sugar or to water the front grass. Dionysis and his wife lived upstairs in a two-story house in a little room with one window. The window was big, though, and a strong gush of sunlight came in to warm the entire room.

Dioynsis never looked up at the sun when walking. He walked slightly bent over with his hands clasped behind him and a knitted shoping bag firmly in their grasp, always wearing his beige-banded straw hat. This walk was impressed in my mind because before long Ralph was walking to school crouched down with his two hands folded behind him, as if he too were old and worn out. Dionysis worked slowly and quietly on the

chores my mother had for him.

He was hard of hearing. I enjoyed watching him turn his head slightly, stoop down, and push his right ear lobe forward to take in my words. They had a spinet, and I enjoyed going over.

Then I no longer wnet. Dionysis' wife fell down the stairs and was taken to the hospital. When my mother told me, I prepared the music I thought Dionysis would find consoling. But I was halted at the door. This was no time for him to hear music.

Death was always the great interrupter. The times I thought music would be most comforting to people were the times I was not to play.

Nights, days went by. Trucks loaded down with branches descended the hill slowly. The avocado tree was torn down, but soon edges of grass met to shroud the hole in the middle of the lawn. When I came home from school one afternoon my mother told me Dionysis wished me to play for him. I went. I groped my way through the dark passage of stairs leading up to the room. I wondered why Dionysis and his wife couldn't have lived downstairs. Dionysis was sitting on his rocking chair. Rough, worn out hands held the chair arms. I sat down on the wooden stool with the swirling seat top and arranged the music on the rack. I chose the second movement of the *Sonata Pathetique*.

The *adagio cantible, sempre legato* markings made the melodic design loom out softly. A strict legato effect suspended the melody on the illusionary plane, with the deep harmonious notes sounding in the base and treble. The form slowly unfolded because the melodic notes were distant. The first sentence of the theme smoothly grew to crescendo, then it flowed back magnetically into the A minor chord. Single interweaving notes heightened the theme in the base.

The creaky rocker swayed jerkily back and forth. Dionysis, I knew, was oblivious to all sound except the music. I heard him breathing hard behind me.

When I finished I saw dust particles floating in the air. Light entering the window was dimmer now. The late afternoon came and the sun cast faint shadows on Dionysis' face. Old, wrinkled, this face. Few strands of white hair fell over his forehead. He stopped rocking and looked out toward the other side of the street. When he looked up at me I knew something had come to the surface.

"She's dead, isn't she?" he said, "The family doesn't tell me downstairs, but I know she's dead."

I said nothing. His hands loosely held his straw hat on his lap. Then I gave him a heavy nod. Dionysis wasn't the type of man you'd lie to, not even to keep from hurting him. He smiled. He could relax now and let go.

Summer was coming and the days grew longer. I took lessons at school from Sister Lioba. Florinda and I were preparing for our senior recital. When the big night came, I was backstage with Sister nervously awaiting my turn and hearing Florinda play Chopin's *Fantassie Impromtu*. Harmonic color developed consisely, tensely through three-against-four rhythmic effect. Then a pause. Florinda started in again softly with left hand arpeggos, rising and falling twice, slowly unveiling heaviness. The quick trill of grace notes helped unfold the first phrase of the melody. The rising movement continued. First phrase, second phrase. When the second phrase fully sounded I realized the wholeness.

The rest of the piece was lost. I looked behind me to the audito-

rium window. Evening had already set in and there were many decisions to make and accept. Ralph was thinking of enlisting. Ralph was now a man; I knew because he prepared everything himself and consented to my grandmother's wish to light ten candles in church before he left, even though I knew he thought it was silly. My mother was slowly realizing her children were growing up. Arthur too would have to fill the emptiness Ralph would leave.

When my turn finally came I went out and played four pieces. One was Schumann's *Soaring*. Three times the right hand octave rose a half-step, then took a leap of a minor third. It went down, then up. The left hand ascended slowly. Both hands soared. The right hand leaped moderately, the left hand made wider jumps . . . .

Autumn hadn't come yet but summer was over, and when I noticed tree leaves I knew autumn was quietly and clearly defining itself. In September Ralph called from Fort Ord.

The airport wasn't crowded. Now and then I saw servicemen walking down the long passage with huge tightly filled sacks over their shoulders. The loud speaker announced my brother's flight. Looking out through the big window toward the landing ground I saw many army boys come down from the plane. I wondered how we'd ever recognize Ralph. All the boys looked the same. But I shouldn't have worried because the beige Kakhi uniform couldn't hide the slight bounce in his walk.

Ralph did most of the talking the nine days he was home. He was less fat now and a little more muscle. His hands were the same, but more work and years were in them.

Soon we were at the airport again. This time when I looked through the big window I only saw darkness, except when the lights of the planes occassionally blinked on and off. Later, when I recaptured the image again, I saw the lonely figure of my brother walking through the passageway to the field and the jet that soared through the air like a giant lighted bird amid the dark night toward Germany. I thought of *Soaring*. Notes coming up, going down again, completion never certain until all found their place.

By now my formal musical education ended. I sometimes play for people who visit our home. One of my favorites is Beethoven's *Six Variations*. The main theme is simple. The first phrase, in downward movement establishes the main trend of the theme. The melody is simple, variegated by grace notes, and sounds transparently clear because it needs no pedal. It works up until fulness is caught in two thick chords, left pending, finally resolving itself in the G major signature chord.

Then the first variation begins. The treble is filled in with sixteenth notes while the left hand echoes the theme. The variations continue; the theme begins to fill. And always there is that basic pattern of eighth note followed by quarter note. Now underneath. Now paramount. All is captured in the last variation. Both hands constantly play sixteenth notes; the theme is hidden, but it is full.

Sometimes when all was quiet I thought how *Six Variations* calls to mind the dominant theme contained in day and the variations upon that theme. Mornings flowed into noons, afternoons into evenings, all in day. The pattern was followed and with it came difference.

On Coming of Age

A huge ball in the heavens hanging
And jollicking jingle jacks
Shining satin over the sandbox
Bouncing down on the bird bath bay.

O laughing days that were green and golden
Not yet tinged with the purple brown
green and golden, golden and green
then
Bang! burst the ball in the heavens hanging
Tumbled the jingle jacks
Shattered the satin and shining sandbox
Banished the bouncing and bird bath bay.

Now are the days of the brown and purple
and moon,
and stars,
and sand,
and sea.

SISTER MARY JOLEEN, SND

A Christmas Chorale

ISA ASHDOWN

"Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright..." blared from some loudspeaker carefully hidden in one of the gaudy plastic sleighs suspended from the telephone poles lining the street. The music was almost drowned out by the static honking of the cars standing bumper to bumper in all directions. The driver's grim faces and short-tempers were evidence of a day of battling traffic.

A young-old man stood in the shadows of a building watching. His shoulders were stooped, and his face was twisted in the pain of disillusionment.

"Come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant..." came from a store near where the man stood as doors were pushed open to allow another crowd of people to pour into the streets. The expression of the faces of the people as they barged out near closing time was one of tired aggravation. Each one pushed and shoved in his attempt to be the first one out the door.

"We three kings of orient are. Bearing gifts we traverse afar..." squeaked a worn-out record in the corner Five and Dime. People stacked with gaudily wrapped boxes hurried in all directions. They didn't notice the man whom they jostled as he continued slowly down the street.

"Hark the herald angels sing..." flowed from the permanent O's on the faces of the tin choristers dangling over another storefront. Their recorded voices alternated with the voices of unhearing people who yelled for taxies and muttered angrily when they couldn't get one. The man watched and listened dejectedly as mothers harshly berated their children when the youngsters stopped to look into a nearby store window.

"Deck the halls with boughs of holly..." sang plastic figures in plastic sleighs above the street. The man stopped to gaze into one of the windows that had attracted a child's attention. It was decorated with cards of Santas and elves, snow and sleighs, chimneys and reindeer. A loud sign prominently displayed announced, "Only one more shopping day till Xmas." The bright pink tree in the center of the window was stylishly covered with cardboard candy canes and tinsel icicles, topped with a perfect five-point paper star, and surrounded with "guaranteed non-inflammable" snow.

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way..." poured out of another disguised loudspeaker. The man turned from the window scene and started down the street again. He didn't try to count all the street-corner Santa Clauses with their bulbous red noses, shabby, yellow-white beards and pillow stuffed bellies. They stood wherever he looked, tinkling the bells on their costumes and ho-ho-hoing to nobody in particular, "Merreee Christmas!"

"Oh, holy night, the stars are brightly shining, it is the night of our dear saviours's birth..." boomed at the man as he passed another store. His head was down and so he didn't see the drunk until he bumped into

him. "I'm so sorry, excuse me, please," he pleaded as he helped to steady the staggering body. The unkept old man suddenly grabbed his arm and leaned very close to his face. The smell of cheap wine was strong and repugnant. "Hey, whatsa matter, buddy? How can ya' be so unhappy at this time of year? Doncha know it's Christmas?"

The man pulled away from him, turned abruptly and passed as quickly as possible through the crowds. "They don't understand," he cried to himself. "They don't even remember."

"Silent"..."kings of orient"..."Merreee"..."all ye faithful"... "boughs of holly"..."honnnk"..."hark the herald"..."Taxi!"..."jingle bells"..."only one more shopping day"..."night of our dear saviour's"....

The man stumbled down the street, passing blindly through the crowds who were concerned with getting home to their pink trees and tinsel, Santa Clauses and candy canes. Nobody noticed his face in their rush, and nobody heard him as he whispered words he had used many years before in a different country, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Strong Man Samson

He had no weapon, but he found a bone

Lying there in the sand, an ass's jaw.

He took it up. In the jawbone place - alone —

He slew a thousand men. Then he called

The place Brandishing, and threw it away.

He was freed as the Lord's spirit came

Upon him. Enemies cried out no more that day,

For the thousand men that had, lay there slain.

Israel's hope in the Lord never died.

Though they had been faithless, the Lord their God

Always remained true whenever they cried

Out to Him in anguish, complaint, or laud.

When once again the sons defied the Lord,

He sent them a champion with a sword.

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